There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurse*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* corse,
Will you goe to them: I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
Take vp those cords, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widdowed.
Come cord, come *Nurse*, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden-head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? What is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar.
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then Doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Ro. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, doe not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death misteam'd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sinne, O rude vnthankefulnesse,
Thy fault our Law cals death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment.
This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.
Ro. 'Tis torture and not mercie, Heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery Cat and Dogge,
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her.
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flyes, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and Vestall modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sinne.
This may flyes doe, when I from this must flye:
And sayst thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this must flye:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharpe ground Knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Fryer, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne Obsoluer, and my Friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?

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